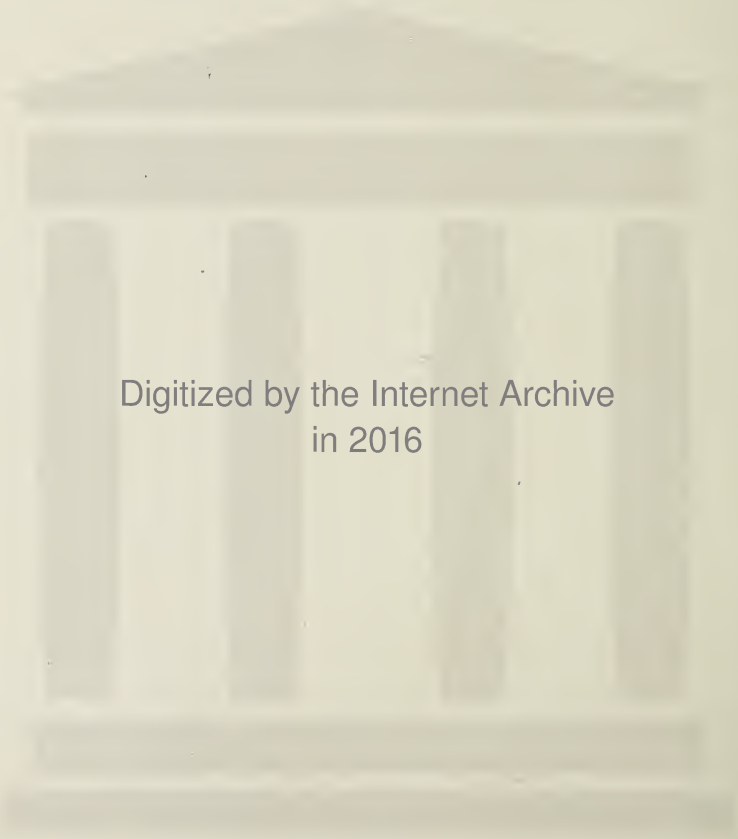
Memorial Day

Peace Day

1911



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MEMORIAL DAY

May Thirtieth

1911.

Circular 56

ISSUED BY

FRANCIS G. BLAIR

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL CO., STATE PRINTERS
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A PROPHESY.

"A day will come when a cannon-ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be amazed that such a thing could ever have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America, and the United States of Europe, will be seen placed in the presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean,—exchanging their produce, their commerce, their industries, their arts, their genius,—clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the Creator, and uniting, for the good of all, these two irresistible and infinite powers, the fraternity of men and the power of God."—*Victor Hugo.*

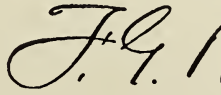
MEMORIAL DAY AND PEACE DAY.

To Teachers and Pupils:

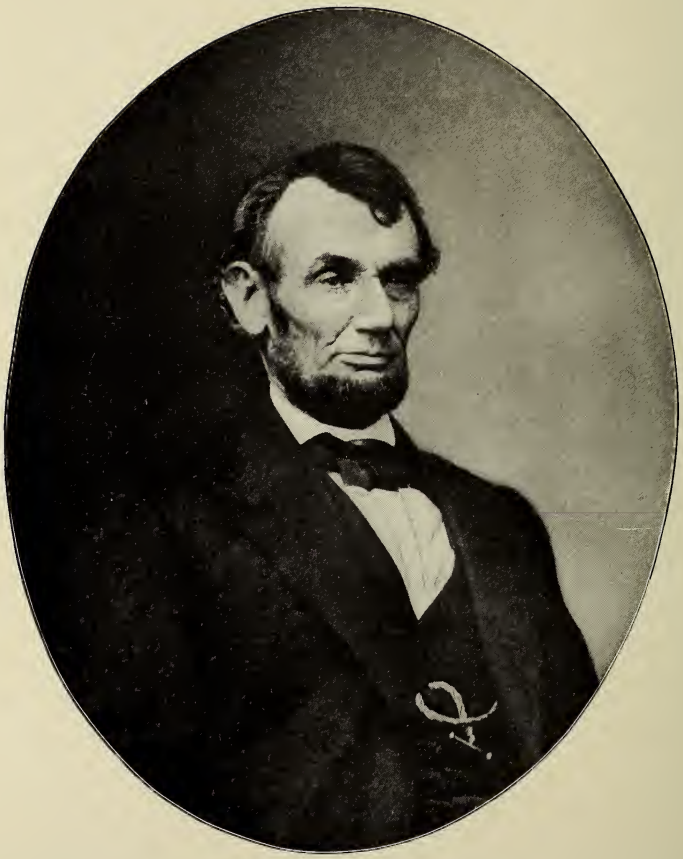
What nation shall enjoy abiding peace? That nation whose heart is warm, whose head is clear and whose arm is strong. A mere love of peace or hatred of war may not secure the one nor avoid the other. China, gentle and peace loving, has been vexed and torn for a hundred years. Nor will culture and refined intelligence alone secure or hold it. Athens had all these. No. A sound sentiment and conscience and a sound judgment and sense of justice are essential, but they must be supported by a firm will and ample power. A lack of the firm will and the strong arm may constitute a national infirmity as the possession of the strong arm undirected by a Christian sentiment and a solid judgment may constitute a national peril.

Let us make Memorial Day a great Peace Day. Let us arouse and fix a sober and intelligent sentiment and love for it. Let us beget a firm opposition to every hasty impulse to arms. Let us show the sad and horrible features of war. But in doing all this let us not forget that there have come times in the history of our country when men with warm hearts and clear heads, men who loved peace and hated war, had to use the strong arm in order that right might prevail and a more permanent peace be established. They are our greatest soldiers of peace. Let us honor their work and revere their memories.

In order to add meaning to the day it is suggested that each pupil in the public schools wear a piece of evergreen or some flower selected by the school on Memorial Day.



Superintendent.



Abraham Lincoln, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Through the dim pageant of the years
A wondrous tracery appears;
A cabin of the western wild
Shelters in sleep a new-born child.

Nor nurse, nor parent dear can know
The way those infant feet must go;
And yet a nation's help and hope
Are sealed within that horoscope.

Beyond is toil for daily bread,
And thought, to noble issues led,
And courage, arming for the morn
For whose behest this man was born.

A man of homely, rustic ways,
Yet he achieves the forum's praise,
And soon earth's highest meed has won,
The seat and sway of Washington.

No throne of honors and delights;
Distrustful days and sleepless nights,
To struggle, suffer, and aspire,
Like Israel, led by cloud and fire.

A treacherous shot, a sob of rest,
A martyr's palm upon his breast,
A welcome from the glorious seat
Where blameless souls of heroes meet;

And, thrilling through unmeasured days,
A song of gratitude and praise;
A cry that all the earth shall heed,
To God, who gave him for our need.

[Written by Mrs. Howe in her ninetieth year and read by her at the Lincoln Memorial Meeting in Symphony Hall.]

Executive Mansion.

Washington, March 30., 1864

Mrs Amanda M. Hall

Madam

Induced by a letter of yours to your brother, and shown me by him, I send you what follows below.

Respectfully

A. Lincoln

"Fondly do we hope— fervently do we pray— that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continues until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was paid three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether".

Abraham Lincoln

LINCOLN.

Out of the shadows we see him rise—
Face that is haunting and sorrowful eyes.

Scarred by his burden and bowed 'neath its weight;
Slave to a mission and shackled by fate.

Poor was the soil where his schooling began;
Rugged the boyhood that moulded the man.

Prone with his book by the flickering blaze,
What saw he there in the hearth's ruddy blaze?

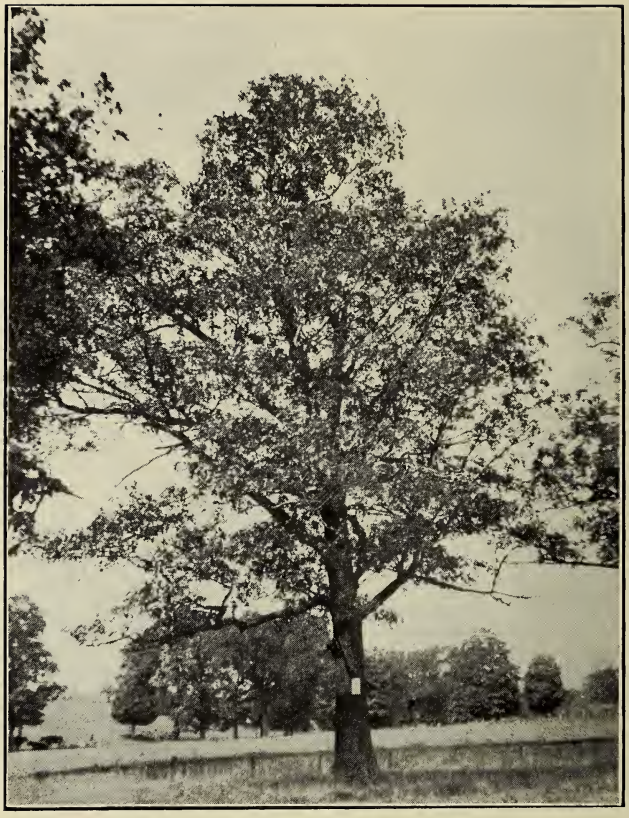
Slowly he rose while the Fates gave no sign,
Fitting himself for that labor divine.

Deep in the shadows we see him again—
Savior and martyr and brother of men!

—*W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

NOBLE SPECTACLE.

There perhaps may be a spectacle nobler than that of a united continent—a spectacle which would astound the world by its novelty and grandeur, a spectacle of two peoples living side by side, separated only by an invisible line, with not a gun frowning across it, not a fortress on either side, with no armament one against the other, but living in harmony, in mutual confidence and with no other rivalry than a generous emulation in commerce and the arts of peace.—*Sir Wilfrid Laurier.*



The Grand Army Memorial Tree at Peru School, Macon County.

A GRAND ARMY MEMORIAL TREE.

In the Memorial Day circular issued by this office in 1907 the following suggestion was made: "To the country and village schools I suggest that the teacher and pupils get the names of all old soldiers now living in the district, and of all who went to the war from the district now dead or moved away. From time to time the facts about each soldier should be gathered, written in a permanent book and kept in the school library. If the names only are secured for this Memorial Day, it will be enough. Each soldier's record can be secured later. The older pupils can do this during the year as a combined history and language exercise.

"I also urge that a tree be planted in the school yard to be known as Grand Army Memorial Tree. If possible, get a soldier to furnish the tree and help plant it. Every Memorial Day the children should gather at the tree and strew flowers about it while the roll of the dead is being called. When the records have been gathered, the brief history of each soldier can be read at every Memorial Day exercise, so that the children may become familiar with the patriotic services of the honored dead of their own neighborhood.

"The soldiers will soon all be gathered to their comrades. Let us cheer them while some are yet living, with the thought that their memory will be kept fresh and their names called in loving accents by the children when the bodies of the heroic dead shall all sleep beneath the flowers."

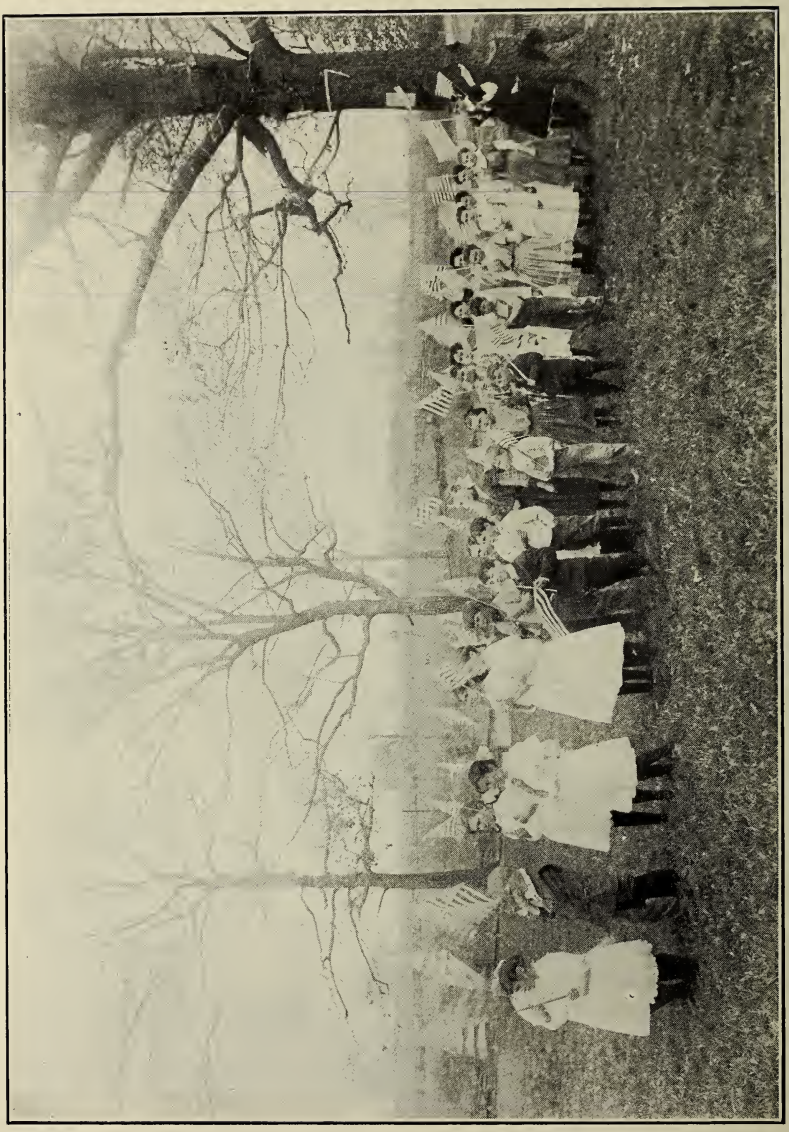
In Edwards county, under the leadership of County Superintendent W. H. Seifferman, a Grand Army Memorial Tree was planted in every country school ground in the county.

The Peru school of Macon county, taught by William C. Casey, last year made the most of such an occasion when he had one of the fine oak trees in the school yard dedicated as Grand Army Memorial Tree.

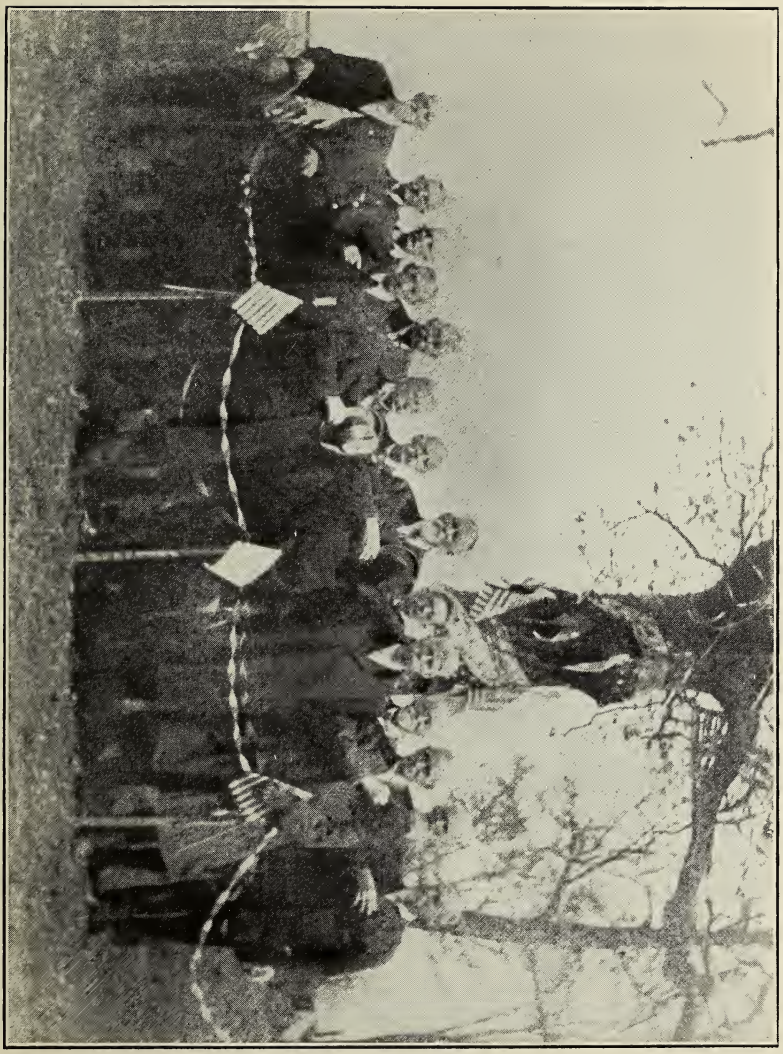
The occasion of the dedication was the customary picnic on the last day of the term, May 5, 1910. With impressive ceremonies the G. A. R. Post of Decatur dedicated the tree. Twenty-seven veterans attended from that city and there are twenty-two soldiers living and dead in the district. The Woman's Relief Corps of Decatur assisted in the exercises. There were over six hundred present.

Why cannot this be duplicated in several thousand school districts in Illinois? Can there be a more impressive and effective lesson in patriotism taught than this?

Year after year the Memorial Day exercises of the school could be conducted about this tree. The memory of the soldiers of the district could be honored, but, best of all, an important lesson would be taught the children.



"They marched for us under this same flag, and we shall march for them."



The veterans who assisted in dedicating the G. A. R. Tree.

Members of the Women's Relief Corps and a son of a veteran who assisted.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

[This article and cut are furnished by the American Peace Society of Boston.]

The first anniversary, March 13, 1905, of the placing of the colossal statue of Christ on the Andean border between Chile and the Argentine Republic, 14,000 feet above the sea, has recalled the unique and impressive events which led to the erection of this remarkable peace monument. The story of this series of events is substantially as follows:

Five years ago these two prosperous and high-spirited republics of South America were on the verge of war. They were increasing their armaments to the utmost of their ability. They had each two gigantic warships of the latest patern building in the shipyards of Europe. They were spending incredible sums of money upon these preparations for war, amounting, as was reported at the time, to five dollars annually per capita of their population.

What brought them so near to conflict was the revival of an old dispute which had caused much trouble and expense in the past, about the boundary between them on the Andes, a controversy involving the question of the title to about eighty thousand square miles of territory. The dispute had been rendered more acute by the discovery that in the Patagonian section the boundary was not continuously marked by mountain crests, and that there were valuable rivers in the region sending their waters through the hills to the sea on the Chilean side. This discovery had caused Chile to put forward unexpected claims to certain parts of the region.

The British Ministers residing at Buenos Ayres and Santiago used their good offices with the two governments to prevent the calamity of war and to secure a peaceful settlement of the dispute. This effort to prevent hostilities was powerfully supported by Dr. Marcolino Benavente, Bishop of San Juan de Cuyo, Argentina, and Dr. Ramon Angel Jara, Bishop of San Carlos de Ancud, Chile. On Easter Sunday, 1900, during the festival of the Catholic Church at Buenos Ayres, Bishop Benavente made a fervent appeal in behalf of peace, and proposed that some day a statue of Christ should be placed on the Andean border between the two countries, where it might be seen by all comers and goers, and prevent, if possible, any recurrence of animosity and strife between the two republics. The two bishops traveled through their countries addressing crowds of men in the towns and villages. They were sustained by

The Christ of the Andes.

the local clergy and by the women, who labored enthusiastically for the policy of peace. Petitions were sent to the legislatures, and through these the executives were reached.

The result was that a treaty was entered into by the two governments, submitting the controversy to the arbitration of the King of England. He entrusted the case to eminent jurists and expert geographers, who examined it carefully, and in due time submitted their decision, awarding a part of the disputed territory to one of the republics and a part to the other. The decision was cheerfully accepted by both.

Much gratified with the outcome of the arbitration, and urged forward by a powerful popular movement, the two governments then went further, and in June, 1903, concluded a treaty by the terms of which they pledged themselves for a period of five years to submit all controversies arising between them to arbitration, the first general arbitration treaty ever concluded. In a further treaty they agreed to reduce their armies to the proportions of police forces, to stop the building of the great battleships then under construction, and to diminish the naval armaments which they already possessed.

The provisions of these treaties, which have now been in force nearly two years, were carried out as fast as practicable. The land forces have been reduced, the heavy ordnance taken off the war vessels, and several of the vessels of the marine turned over to the commercial fleets. Work on the four great warships was immediately arrested, and some of them have been sold. One or two of them, unfortunately, went into the Japanese fleet off Port Arthur, in spite of the fact that both governments had, in the treaty, pledged themselves not to sell any ships to nations engaged in war. The vessels were bought under disguise by a firm in New York, and then turned over to Japan; after which neither of the governments would sell any vessels to either Russia or Japan.

The results of this disarmament—for it is a real disarmament—have been most remarkable. With the money saved by the lessening of military and naval expenses, internal and coast improvements have been made. Good roads have been constructed. Chile has turned an arsenal into a school for manual training. She is building a much needed breakwater in the harbor of Valparaiso, and has commenced systematically the improvement of her commercial facilities along the coast. One or two of Argentina's previous war vessels have gone into her commercial fleet and are now plying back and forth across the Atlantic in honorable and lucrative business. The great trans-Andean railway through the heart of the mountains, which will bring Buenos Ayres and Santiago within eighteen hours of each other and bind them together in the most intimate relations of trade and travel, will be completed this year.

But more significant than any of these material results has been the change in the attitude of the Argentines and Chileans toward each other. All the old bitterness and distrust have passed away, and the most cordial good feeling and confidence have taken their place.

The suggestion of Bishop Benavente as to the erection of a statue of Christ on the boundary at Puente del Inca was quickly carried into execution. As early as 1901, on the initiative of Señora de Costa, presi-

dent of the Christian Mothers' Association of Buenos Ayres, one of the largest women's organization in the world, the women of Buenos Ayres, who had already manifested the deepest interest in the new movement, undertook the task of securing funds and having a statue created. The work was entrusted to the young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso. When his design was completed and accepted, the statue was cast at the arsenal of Buenos Ayres from old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside of the city.

It was more than a year from the time that it was cast until it was placed in its destined position. On May 21, 1903, the Chilean representatives, bearing the treaties for final ratification, came by sea to Buenos Ayres. They were met down the river and escorted to the city by a large fleet of gaily decked steamers. For a week there was a round of festivities. When the treaties were finally signed on the 28th of May, Señora de Costa invited all the dignitaries present—cabinet officials, foreign ministers, bishops, newspaper men, generals, admirals, etc.—to inspect the statue of Christ in the courtyard of the college, and standing at its foot with the distinguished audience about her she pleaded that it might be placed on the highest accessible point of the Andes between the two countries.

It was not till in February, 1904, that the final steps were taken for its erection. It was carried by rail in huge crates from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, then on gun carriages up the mountains, the soldiers and sailors themselves taking the ropes in critical places, where there was danger of the mules stumbling. Hundreds of persons had come up the night before and encamped on the ground to be present at the ceremony. The Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile and the Chileans on the Argentine side. There was music and the booming of guns, whose echoes resounded through the mountains. The moment of unveiling, after the parts had been placed in position, was one of solemn silence. The statue was then dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson of peace and goodwill. The ceremonies of the day, March 13, 1904, were closed, as the sun went down, with a prayer that love and kindness might penetrate the hearts of men everywhere.

The base of the statue is in granite. On this is a granite sphere, weighing some fourteen tons, on which the outlines of the world are sketched, resting upon a granite column twenty-two feet high. The figure of Christ above, in bronze, is twenty-six feet in height. The cross supported in his left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them given by the Workingmen's Union of Buenos Ayres, the other by the Working Women. One of them gives the record of the creation and erection of the statue; on the other are inscribed the words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

It is not easy to compare events and say which is the greatest. But taking it all in all, the long quarrel of seventy years which it closed, the

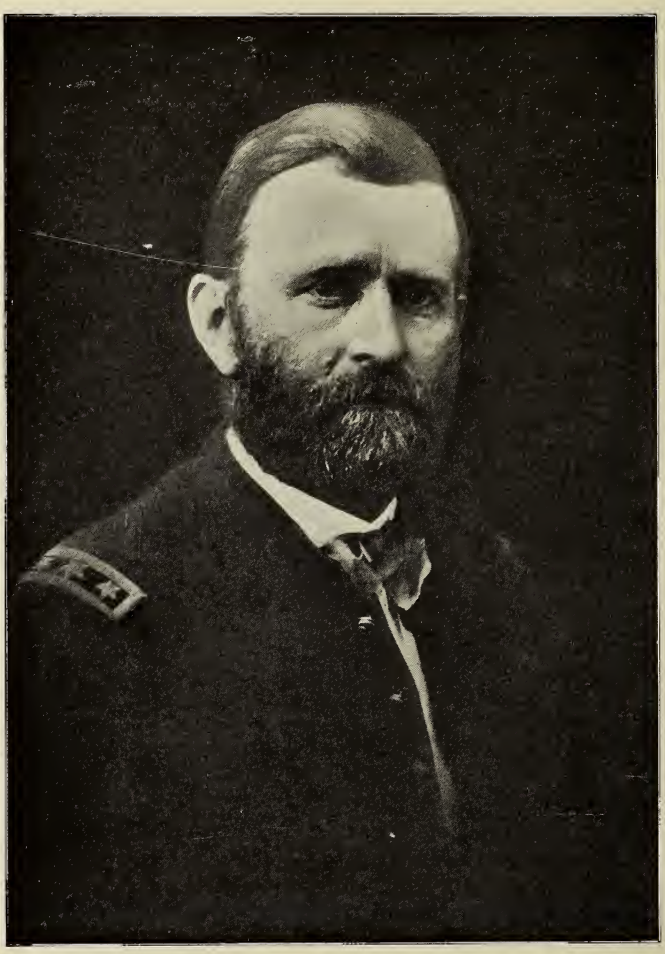
arbitration of the boundary dispute, the general treaty of arbitration and the practical disarmament which preceded it, the remarkable transformation of public opinion expressed in its consummation, and the sublime prophecy of peace for the future which it gives not only for Chile and Argentina but for the whole world, the erection of the Christ of the Andes stands without parallel among the events of recent years.

OUR COUNTRY.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
  Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of the winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
  By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
  On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
  God save the State!

—*John Sullivan Dwight.*



U. S. Grant, Major-General of the Army of the U. S.

GENERAL GRANT A MAN OF PEACE.

"Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means of peace."

"The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier; I take little interest in military affairs; and although I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and have been in two wars, I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure."

GENERAL HENDERSON'S VIEW OF WAR.

General Henderson, of Iowa, while Speaker of the National House of Representatives, gave an address before the Grand Army of the Republic of the State of Indiana. His opening sentence was: "War is my theme and I hate it."

Stephenson Post, Springfield, Illinois, acting as Guard of Honor at Lincoln's monument at the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

WHEN GRAN'PA WORE HIS UNIFORM.

I've got the bestest Gran'pa
  You ever heard about;
We always go to hear the band
  Whenever it comes out.
He tells me lots of stories
  About the drefful wars,
An' he was in them, too, he said,
  An' he's got awful scars.
An' when they get the flowers
  To put on soldiers' graves
We dust bring out our nicest flag,
  An' 'en he sings an' waves
The Stars an' Stripes, an' we jus' march
  All dressed up fine an' gay;
For Gran'pa wears his uniform
  On Decoration Day.

An' after that we all go home
  An' sit about an' talk;
Though sometimes I dust wish an' wish
  We'd take another walk.
For Gran'pa does dust look so fine,
  His dear ol' head so gray
Is held so proud when we go out,
  This lovely day in May.
For oh, his clothes are extra fine,
  All blue, with buttons gay,
For Gran'pa wears his uniform
  On Decoration Day.

My Gran'pa says he's growin' old,
  An' by an' by will come
The sound of "taps" to call him home,
  An' beat of muffled drum.
An' 'en 'at I must be a man,
  An' 'at I mustn't cry,
Dust 'cause my gran'pa's gone away
  To live up in the sky.
An' 'at when on Memorial Day
  We wreathe our garlands bright,
An' place the flag of liberty
  O'er those who fought for right,
'At I must put a flag by him,
  Remembering alway
How Gran'pa wore his uniform
  On Decoration Day.

—*Helena Bingham.*

TRIBUTE TO FATHER.

I'm sitting alone by the window,
O'erlooking the forest afar,
And dreamingly working a slipper
For father, who's gone to the war.

The green bud grows on the slipper,
And the green bud swells on the tree,
And the wind it sighs in the pine tops,
And, father, I'm sighing for thee.

From the old oak, down in the meadow,
Comes the crow's monotonous caw,
And the bluebird sings in the garden,
And I sing, "Gone to the war."

As a nun counts her beads at her prayers,
I'm counting the days till you come,
And praying the angels to bear you
Safe under their wings to your home.

For home is not home without father,
Our guide and protector and stay,
And you carried our home and hearts with you
When you left us that bright summer day.

Do you know that I've been with you, father,
Through all this weary campaign?
My feet have been bruised with your marchings;
Beneath the cold heavens I've lain.

By your side have I wrought in the trenches,
Stood guard in the heat and the dust;
I've hungered and thirsted and fainted,
I've broken with you the hard crust.

And boom of the death-dealing cannon
Has come to my ear from afar;
Believe me, dear father, believe me,
You went not alone to the war.

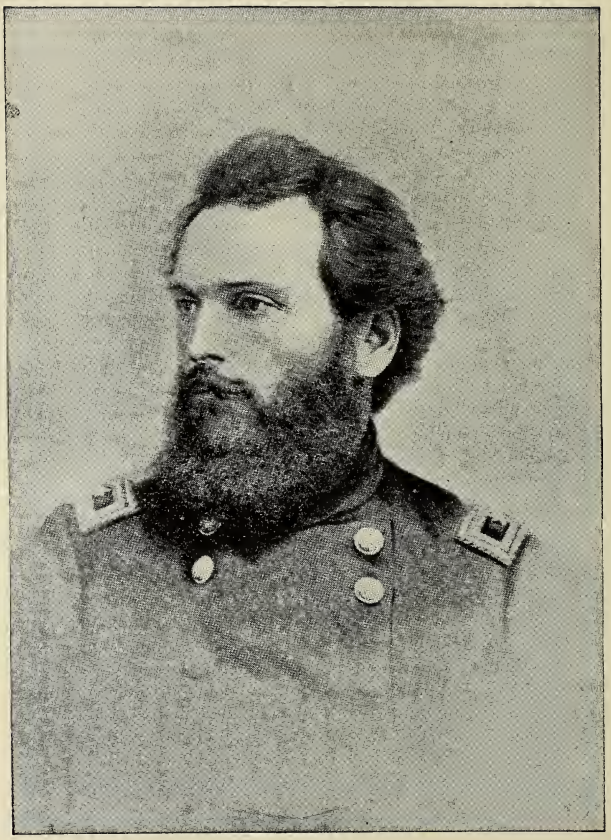
When nightly I look up to heaven
To the stars that gem the blue sky,
I think of the starry flag o'er you,
And know you'll defend it or die.

I know that the good God is with us;
I know the right triumphs at last;
I know that peace's glorious rainbow
Will smile when the tempest is past.

But I know not—He only knoweth
Whose pleasure is infinite law—
Whether these slippers, dear father,
Will ever come home from the war.

YOUNG ATHENIAN'S OATH.

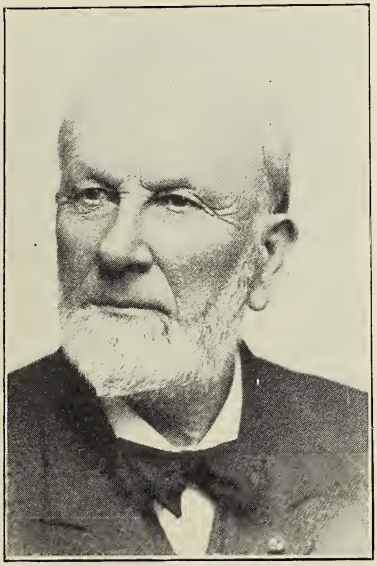
"We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by an act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both singly and together. We will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul them or set them at naught. We will strive increasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."—*From Rhode Island Grand Army Flag Day.*



CHARLES E. HOVEY.
Major-General.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS' REGIMENT.

The following account is the substance of a story that is printed in the May number of *Hampton's Magazine,* and is of interest to local readers because of the facts that are brought out in connection with the "Normal Regiment" that gained fame during the Civil War. The story is from the pen of Margarita Spalding Gerry and is interesting throughout, besides being of value from a historical standpoint.



P. R. WALKER.

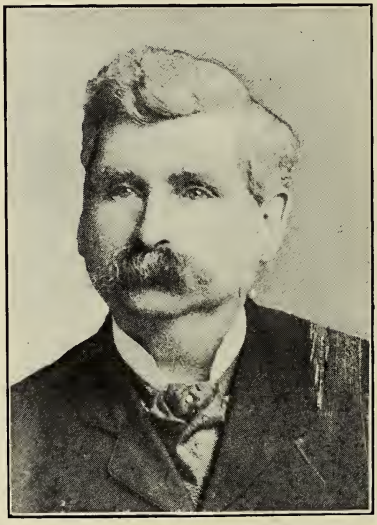
Superintendent of city schools, Rockford, Illinois. First Lieutenant Company "K" 92nd Illinois Volunteers.

When the State Board of Education visited the normal school at Normal, Ill., for an exhibition geography lesson, young Aaron Cove drew on the blackboard the map of Charleston harbor. He demonstrated from what angle the southerners had fired upon Fort Sumter, what was the strategic importance of the fort and just why it had been possible

to provision it. Hardly the usual scholastic exercise, this; but in April of 1861 the war spirit among these young westerners of Abolitionist ancestry had to find vent.

There were other reasons for patriotism. The founder and principal of Normal, Charles E. Hovey, a tall, silent man whose hair and beard were of a dense blue black, was an over militant spirit to remain a pedagogue. Most of the pupils who shifted restless feet under the benches were boys. When Hovey had practiced law in Bloomington he had encountered the growing legal skill of Abraham Lincoln, and Ward Lamon was the next-door neighbor. Moreover, Mr. Hovey's curley-haired, bright-eyed little wife had not forgotten a visit to Springfield when, at the reception given to the President-elect by his friends and neighbors, Lincoln had lifted the tiny woman, by the elbows, until her eyes were on a level with his own.

"I want to see this little woman," he had said.



JOSEPH COVINGTON.

Teacher in Cook County. Company "C" 106th Illinois Volunteers.

Hovey's Visit to Washington.

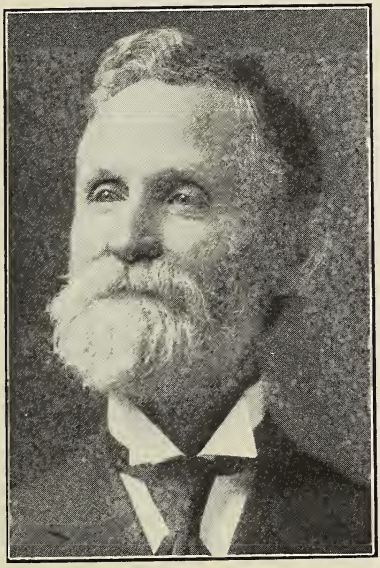
The 20th of the following July found Hovey in Washington. The straggling, dusty city, dignified only in the spacious proportions of the plan which might occasionally be guessed at through incompleteness, was seething with excitement, quite as much as with summer heat. On the 23d of May the Union troops had been moved across the Potomac and encamped, from Alexandria to Chain Bridge on the first station of their progress, "On to Richmond," as the northerners said with confidence and the southerners with sneers. The country waited with suspended breath on the brink of the collision.

There was optimism on the part of official Washington. "There is no doubt," they said, "McDowell will rout Johnson, drive all before him 'On to Richmond.'"

* * * * * * *

A Silent Man.

At Willard's hotel, where congressmen, newspaper men, wayfaring officers, civilians with missions to the President, fought wordy battles over after-dinner cigars or pipes, over toddies, juleps or whisky straight, there was still very little difference of opinion as to the duration of the war.



J. H. FREEMAN.

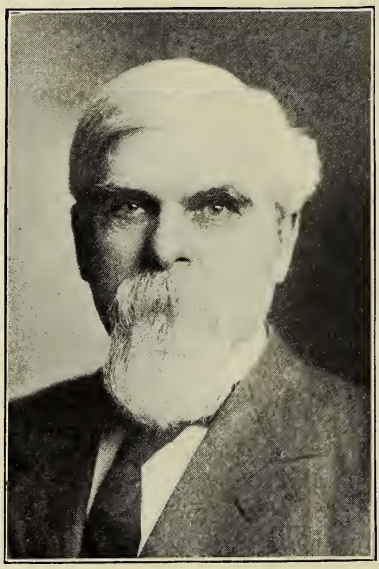
Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction. Captain Co. "H," 14th Maine Volunteers.

But silent Mr. Hovey, with his mission to the President locked behind his lips, shook his head when he heard reiterated the boast that it would need but ninety days at most to see the army "On to Richmond." He knew something from his teacher's point of view, and more from recent experiences, of the difficulty in making trained soldiers out of boys—even patriotic boys. And of whatever age, the three-months men were boys in spirit and military discipline. Very few of the great army had been drilled since January, as had the Massachusetts men. But even to Jesse W. Fell, a friend from Illinois whom he met, Hovey said nothing about his purpose, being a man who talked very little about other people's affairs, and not at all about his own.

On the 20th, which fell on Saturday, Mr. Hovey went to the White House. He had only a short time to wait after he sent in his name to the President, with the sesame "Illinois" on the card. But in those moments a stream of callers passed through the reception room in which he sat. Officers in new uniforms and officers in old ones, inventors with plans for fortifying the capital, soldiers asking favors and civilians proffering advice, men who were plainly cranks, brushed against him.

Hovey Sees Lincoln.

When the doorkeeper had nodded permission, Hovey found the President alone in his office in the south front of the White House. The



HENRY C. COX.

District Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Illinois. Company "D" 14th Illinois Volunteers.

pigeonholes of the secretary desk were crammed with papers; a mass of letters, from which protruded a corner of a military map with fortifications and line of march marked in red ink, covered the desk. Some manufacturer's circular advertising his firearms had fallen to the floor. Lincoln pushed back the papers, crossed his long legs, and turned the revolving office chair until his caller was brought within his line of vision:

"Well, Mr. Hovey," he said, cheerfully, "how are Illinois folks?"

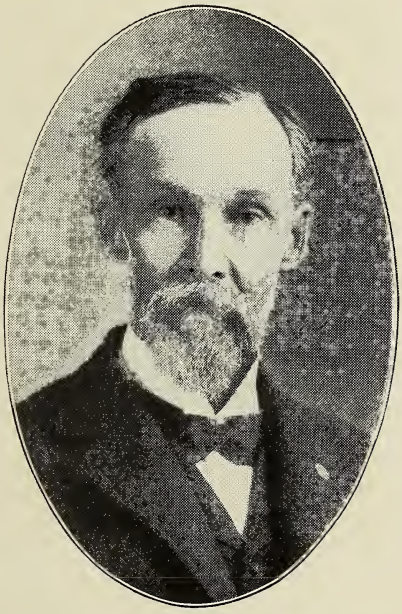
Hovey, from his acquaintance with him in Bloomington, had expected to see the President looking more careworn. Worn he was, but there

was a fine glow of courage and buoyancy on his face, of relief even, that showed how, the strain of decision over, he faced the future with confidence.

"It's about my part of Illinois, in Normal, that I wanted to speak to you, Mr. President."

"Need an appropriation from Congress to carry you through next year?" asked the President, kindly.

"No, no, I have managed to get that together—all from Illinois capital." Mr. Hovey's voice was singularly low and soft when he was indifferent about things. And already his brave fight to found a great school in a frontier country had become of secondary interest. "In fact, I may not be at the school next year. I have come to offer you my Illinois regiment."



A. D. CURRAN.

County Superintendent of Schools of Kendall County. Sergeant Company "H" 89th Illinois Volunteers.

Tells of His Plans.

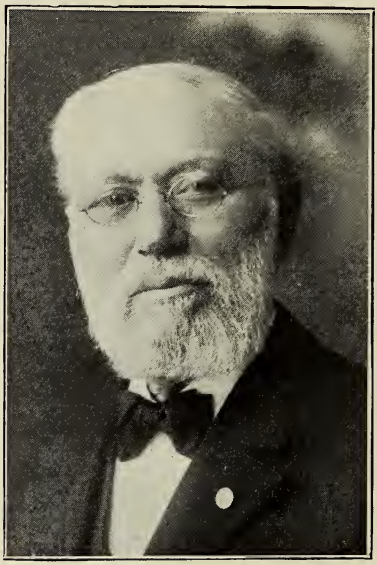
"A Normal regiment. I didn't know there were enough men in the place to raise a company."

"There are not. It is my boys." The slow, quiet words from this man of tropical coloring were compelling. But the President was not so calm. This touched him where he was vulnerable.

"No, no, Hovey, not those boys! It is bad enough to have brothers fighting brothers and fathers going to war. Let us not drag in the

babies. Who can have influenced them? It is not right. We must put a stop to this war craze. What must be sacrificed, must be—but—not the boys!"

"Wait a minute, Mr. President, and let me tell you how it came about." Lincoln settled himself good-humoredly back in his chair. "This year we were going to bring out our first graduating class—you know we did not start our school until fifty-nine. But after your call for volunteers on the 15th of April, several of the boys left to enlist. Joseph Howell was one of them. Perhaps you know of him? He went into the Fourth Illinois Cavalry. More of them wanted to leave. Apparently we would have no class to graduate. The boys were on fire with patriotism."



W. H. BRYDGES.

Assistant County Superintendent of Schools of Kane County. Company "K" 74th Illinois Volunteers.

"Patriotism, love of adventure, animal courage—I know, those are the best of the motives for soldiering," said the President, soberly. "But only one of them is a man's motive. And they are all untried."

How Students Were Disciplined.

"I called the boys together finally, and told them that if they would wait and graduate, so that when the war was over they would still have their equipment, I would go with them into battle. I wish you could have heard them cheer."

"Doesn't take much to make boys in school cheer, if I remember," interrupted the President, his eyes twinkling.

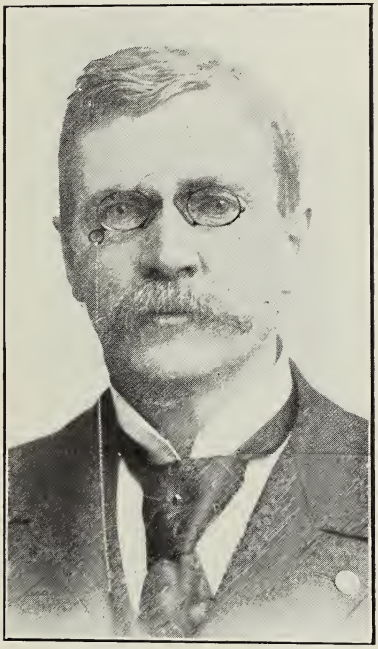
"But they stayed, and studied—well, too."

Lincoln nodded his head approvingly. "That was discipline. That was worth more."

"I sent for an officer from West Point, Lieut. Crandall. From that time the boys have been drilling, with sticks because we couldn't get guns. And they are full of pride in the Normal regiment—the Brain regiment, some of their neighbors call it."

"A regiment?" said the President, inquiringly. "You haven't enough boys for a regiment?"

"There are two full companies of our boys"—an irrepressible pride brought emphasis to Hovey's voice and made his words come quicker—



W. J. K. BOWEN.

Assistant Principal Parental School, Chicago, Illinois. Private 3rd Wisconsin Battery, Light Artillery.

"and there is part of another. The plan is for our boys to go home and recruit their companies, the officers to be furnished by us because of our long training. They are waiting now in their home towns for word to go on."

Some of the pride that marked the schoolmaster's face was reflected on the President's.

"Boys?" Lincoln said, thinking. "But Illinois boys!" And he unconsciously stretched out his own long arm with its knotted muscle, the

product of his hardy boyhood. "In my position I must care for the whole nation. But I hope there is no injustice in my being full of sinful pride over the young rascals. But—I—don't—know."

Question of War's Length.

He considered. The changes of his feeling printed themselves along the furrows of his face and in the shadows of his deep eyes. Still, there was a suggestion of something hard, immovable, under the surface emotion. The other man, with his hint of restrained fire under the immobility of his face, waited.

"This isn't going to be a long war," said the President, tentatively. "I think three months may see the end."

"I think it will be a long war, Mr. President," said Mr. Hovey, gravely.

J. PIKE.

Superintendent of the City Schools, Jerseyville, Illinois. Captain Company "G" 134th Illinois Volunteers.

The President mused:

"It may be. It may be. But we can't afford to weaken ourselves by expecting the worst—however much we must prepare for it."

A pause. The President sprang to his feet with a snap.

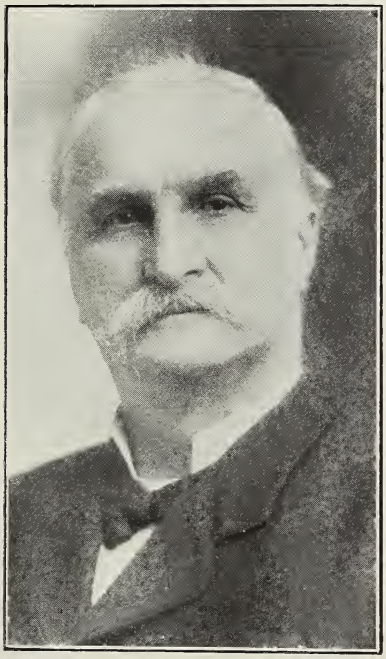
"No, Hovey," he said. "It must not be. There are to be tens of thousands in this country where there are now thousands. Every additional thousand will bring its own problems. The manhood of these boys will behold some of them. It is to these boys, and their kind, that we look to solve them. There are others whose lives are not worth so much to the country. Life cannot mean so much to any man of fifty-three——" A momentary shade of melancholy passed over his face. "The future of the country is in the hands of these boys. This is too good timber to be shot at!"

Glimpses of Bull Run.

The writer of the magazine article then describes the scenes of the next morning, when Washington heard of the disaster to the Union

army at Bull Run, and how Hovey and Fell made their way across the Potomac to the roads along which the stragglers of the defeat were making their way back to Washington. The story continues:

A scramble over open country, with a blind sense of direction as to their guide, brought them into another road, and into an indescribable sea of tumult and panic. They found that they were a mile or so on the Manasses side of Fairfax Courthouse. The road was an impassable jam of commissary wagons, struggling horses, ordnance, carriages of civilians. For teams, traffic was at a standstill. Hovey saw men deliberately cut traces loose and throw carriages into outlying fields to clear



J. B. FARNSWORTH.

Principal of the Logan School, Chicago, Illinois. Company "F" 134th Illinois Volunteers.

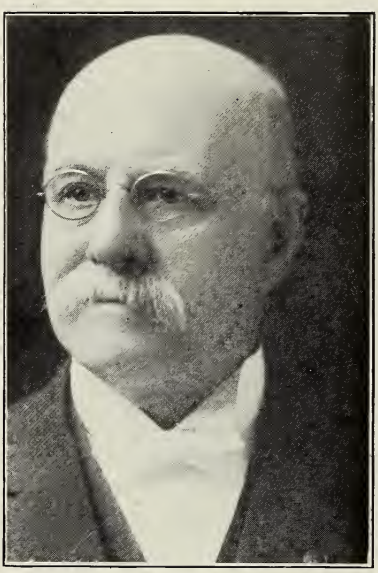
the highway. Every crevice was filled with panic-stricken soldiers who made their way, running where they could reach the outskirts of the mob, creeping under other men's shoulders or lifted arms, but retreating always.

Wisps of rumor reached them, in which the names of New York Fire Zouaves, the Minnesota troops and the Rhode Island companies were bandied. The road was full of pitfalls, for men could not see the canteens and knapsacks with twisted restraining straps between the feet that stumbled over them.

Emotions Amid the Chaos.

Just beyond the two men, as they paused for a moment undecided which way to go, was a patch of road where man after man staggered and fell and horses slid onto their knees. The ground was slippery with commissary wheat, hundreds of bags of which had been thrown out and burst through the sacking. A Washington reporter whom Hovey recognized, Crosby Noyes, worked his way along through the field beside the road, his face a study of grief and reportorial zeal.

Joining the stream, for the time, some ten minutes' toilsome progress brought the two men opposite a carriage where three senators, whose



CHARLES I. PARKER.

Principal of the James H. Bowen High School, Chicago, Illinois. Orderly on the Staff of Gen. Julius White, Company "B" 7th Squadron—Rhode Island.

faces were well known to the country, sat. One glance at the downcast faces of Chandler, Wilson and Wade convinced Hovey that there was no hope. The great Union army was in retreat!

At Fairfax Courthouse the men from Illinois halted. They heard that the place was being used for a hospital, and Fell decided to stay and help. But Hovey, who, through burning eyes looked out at the rout where no influence seemed to sway men but naked fear, felt something like anger swell in his heart, together with an aching sense of grief. And he stayed, lips compressed, black eyes lowering, to gaze at the passing mob.

Sees the President Again.

The next chapter of the story describes how Hovey went back to Washington after the day's tramp along the roads from Bull Run, and again sought the ear of President Lincoln in the hope of getting the latter's consent to bring on his regiment of Normal boys. The writer continues as follows:

The ante-room to the President's office was crowded as before; only where there had been cheerful, confident bustle, there was, for that hour at least, a pause of dismay. Men drifted together in little groups, to discuss the defeat with lowered voices and with downcast and apprehen-

JOSEPH CARTER.

Ex-Superintendent of the Champaign City Schools. Chairman of Committee on Education in House of Representatives. 1st Lieutenant 3d U. S. Cavalry.

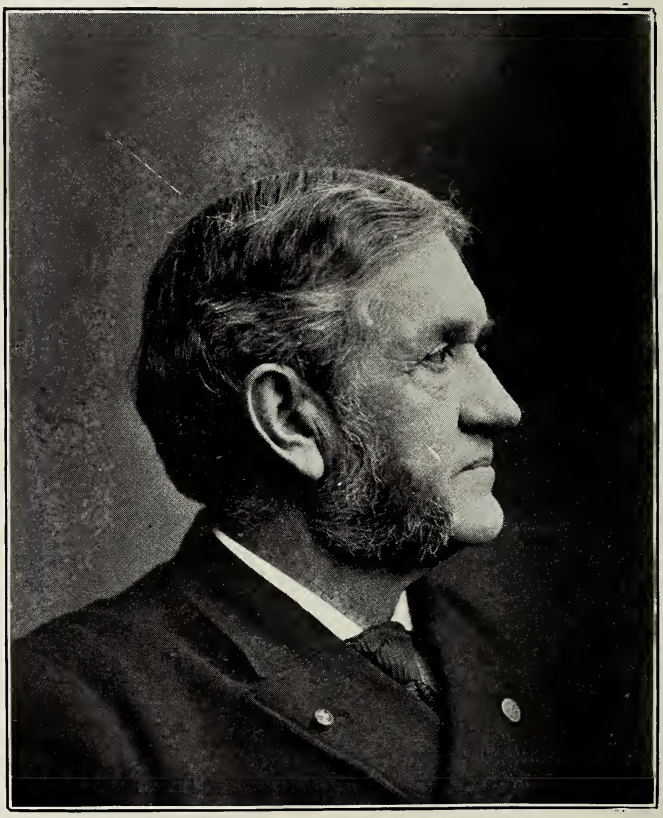
sive faces. Later the nation was to awake to wiser optimism and more patient effort. But now there were not many who, like Hovey, walked with purpose braced and with eager mind bent on the future.

When Hovey was admitted to the executive office and first looked at the President, sitting at the same desk, with apparently the same maps and printed reports, it seemed to him that nothing was changed. The atmosphere of calm, of poise, was impressive after the tumult of the streets.

Then, when Lincoln had wheeled himself around until his visitor came within his line of vision and had said, "Well, Hovey?" the Illinoisan saw that the man before him had not slept.

It was as if all of the emotions, rage, shame, fear, despair, weariness, dull indifference, in the midst of which Hovey had been living during the last twenty-four hours, had entered into the soul of the man who fronted him and had been photographed indelibly upon the sensitive lens of the eye, never to be effaced.

The expression of the face was the same as it had been two days before, only the furrows of the cheeks had stiffened, as though to hold there optimism, courage by main force.



W. H. HATCH.

Superintendent of City Schools, Oak Park, Illinois. Private 10th Battery, Wisconsin Volunteers, Light Artillery.

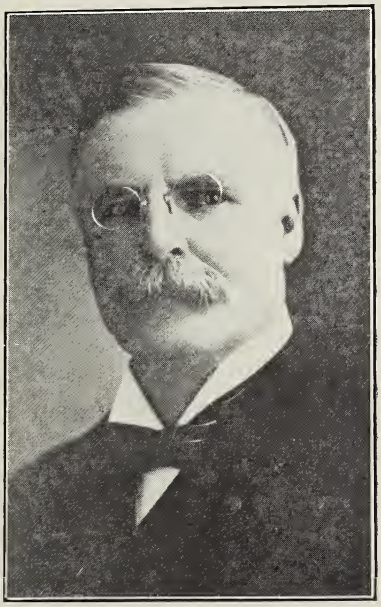
The pose was the same, but the shoulders had braced themselves into less buoyant, more effective strength, like that with which a stevedore faces a long, hard job of hauling; less spectacular than the jaunty ease with which he lifts a cask with one heave of mighty muscle, but more impressive to the man who knows.

"Well, Hovey, what now?" The President turned from his question to scribble down a memorandum on the sheet that lay before him, already half filled.

HOVEY BROACHES QUESTION.

"That was what I have come to ask you, Mr. President," was the cautious answer.

"Of course we know now that the war will last indefinitely. If we had won a decisive victory yesterday we might now be able to see the end. But now, we are drawing up plans for the reorganization of the army. Volunteers for three years, instead of three months. And



J. W. AKERS.

Principal of the Scott School, Chicago, Illinois. Chief Musician under Generals Grant and Sherman.

a long discipline. The fault was not with the officers yesterday, nor with the courage of the men. There were raw troops on both sides—boys——"

"But about my boys, Mr. President. Will you take them now?"

The alert resourcefulness faded for a moment from Lincoln's face and left it sad. For a moment he did not reply. Then he said, slowly.

"A little drummer boy was cut in two by a cannister yesterday. One of the officers heard him scream—once." The President closed a manual of tactics that lay open on the desk, with hand that followed.

"It's going to be a long war," he said to himself.

Then he veered suddenly and faced his visitor again: "Yes, bring out your boys. We'll have to call out the babies next! Bring them here and I'll make them my bodyguard. The future of the country is in their hands, as I said; but, first they will have to fight to have a country."

He stopped, and Hovey saw that the hands that bound his face to resolution were melting in the fire of pity. He spoke again:

"Illinois boys, drilling with sticks over their shoulders instead of guns, thinking they can forecast war!"

He turned back to his papers, and the Illinoisan watched while the emotion slipped from him, and his shoulders stiffened into endurance. It was a face that was merely calm that nodded Hovey good-bye.—*Bloomington Pantagraph.*

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of purple twilight, dropping down their costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

—*Locksley Hall, Alfred Tennyson.*

ARMY HYMN.

O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring!
To every arm thy strength impart,
Thy spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free:
To die for her is serving thee.

Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations! Sovereign Lord!
In thy dread name we draw the sword;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till Peace shall reign,—
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, *Praise To Thee!*

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

SHALL BROTHERS BE.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree', an' a' that,
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

—*Robert Burns.*

NATIONAL HYMN.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.

—*Samuel Francis Smith, D.D.*

POEMS WRITTEN BY PUPILS.

The following verses were written by pupils of the Forestville School, Chicago:

THE PATRIOTS.

The patriots, patriots, strong and brave,
Who gave their lives their country to save;
They heard the cannon grim war declare,
So they bravely offered to do and dare.

O patriots, patriots, good and true,
Nobly you fought for the red, white, and blue;
Bore hardships and suffering, wounds and pain,
And many of you ne'er saw loved ones again.

O patriots, patriots, great and bold,
You held the flag with a mighty hold;
You lived in glory one bright summer's day,
But soon like the wind you passed away.

O patriots, patriots, mighty and strong,
We will you honor in word and song;
You lived and you died so great and bold,
May all follow your footsteps—this dear flag uphold!

—Lorne Fisher (boy, eighth grade).

PEACE.

Peace to the souls of those who fought,
Much blood was shed, but not for naught;
The thousands in that war then slain
Shed not their blood for the slave in vain.
His fetters are broken, the whips are destroyed,
No more by the slavedriver is he annoyed;
Peaceful and quiet he lives in the land,
His own master he, by the work of his hand.
We reap now in peace what was planted in strife,
Thankful to God, who gives us our life,
Thankful to patriots, who died for our gain,
Thankful that we do not suffer the pain,
The anguish that comes from terrible war,—
And we pray that our peace may last evermore.

—Ruth Doornheim (eighth grade).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

He laid his hand on the fettered slave,
And he rose up glad and free,
Released from terrible bondage days
And unspeakable cruelty.

He guided the trembling Ship of State
O'er the storm-tossed waves of war,
And landed it safe in the port of peace,
Though its captain breathed no more.

'Twas a dastard's hand that laid him low,
Ere his noble work was done;
But he lives today in the hearts of all,—
A hero whose laurels are won.

—*James Van Wie (13 years, seventh grade).*

MEMORIAL DAY.

The morning mists break o'er the hill,
The sun smiles on this peaceful land,
The flowers bloom by every rill,
The sea flows o'er the glistening strand.

Beneath the sod of yon green lea
Our loyal heroes slumber on;
They sought to give us liberty,
And truly fought till they had won.

Your memory, O heroes brave!
Shall ever with us cherished be,
For by your valor you did save
This blessed country of the free.

So now this bright Memorial Day
We deck your graves with flowers again,
In memory of you, Blue and Gray,
The truest type of noble men.

—*Mary Bate (13 years, seventh grade).*

THE BONNY BLUE FLAG OF THE LOST CAUSE.

Oh, for a smell of the powder,
The sound of the bursting shot,
The feel of old Dixie beneath me,
Instead of an old soldier's cot!

Oh, for a hard road to travel,
  An army of men to outwit,
A night in a Southern valley,
  With the sky overhead all starlit!

That I were up and doing,
  And waving with old-time zest
The bonny blue flag of the lost cause,
  That lies in my army chest!

But the longing, the pain, and the yearning
  Are not borne by myself alone,
For my brothers and comrades in blue
  Always call all my troubles their own.

And so, in the dark and the silence,
  When I kneel by the old army chest,
I pray to be covered with both flags
  When I am summoned to rest.
    —*Louise Lippert (from Dixie, seventh grade).*

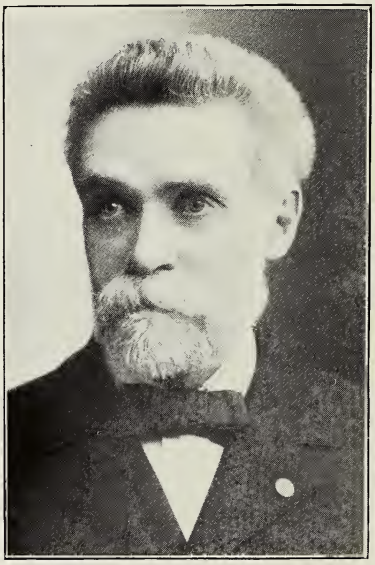
THE SYMBOLISM OF THE FLAG.

The flag for which our heroes fought, for which they died, is the symbol of all we are, of all we hope to be. It is the emblem of equal rights; it means free hands, free lips, self-government and the sovereignty of the individual; it means that this continent has been dedicated to freedom; it means universal education—light for every mind, knowledge for every child; it means that the schoolhouse is the fortress of liberty; it means that "governments derive their just powers from the governed," that each man is accountable to and for the government, that responsibility goes hand in hand with liberty; it means that it is the duty of every citizen to bear his share of the public burden—to take part in the affairs of his town, his county, his state and his country; it means that the ballot box is the ark of the covenant, that the sources of authority must not be poisoned; it means the perpetual right of peaceful revolution; it means that every citizen of the republic, native or naturalized, must be protected at home in every state, abroad in every land, on every sea; it means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws, that our government shall stand between labor and capital, between the weak and the strong, between the individual and the corporation, between want and wealth, and give and guarantee simple justice to each and all; it means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong; it means national hospitality, that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back; some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny and caste, in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life, and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be symmetrical and fair, intelligent and free.—*Robert Ingersoll.*

A VICTORY OF PEACE.

The battle of Fort Fisher, Jan. 15, 1865, though only a small number of men were engaged, was one of the most important of the war. General Newton M. Curtis commanded the Federal forces and Colonel William Lamb the Confederate.

"Four hours after, the defenders having exhausted their ammunition, the Union forces entered the fort with little opposition. Both of the wounded commanders were borne to the same hospital, and when, after weeks of suffering, General Curtis was able to rise from his bed, his first act was to go, supported by two of his soldiers, to the bedside of Colonel Lamb, extend his hand, and express his admiration for the



ANDREW J. WOOD.

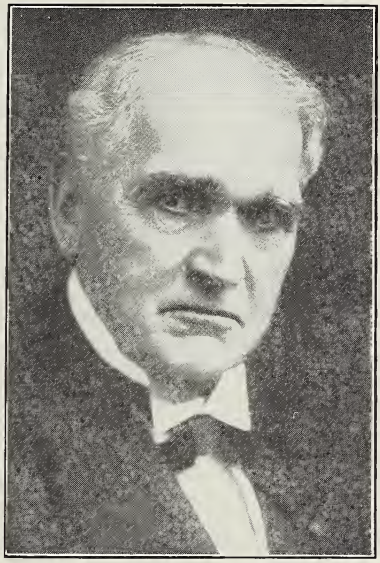
Principal of the Ericsson School, Chicago, Illinois. Co. "E" 17th Michigan Volunteers.

magnificent defense he had made. 'God does not mean,' he added, 'that this land of ours shall be divided between rival nations; one or the other of us must win.' The friendship thus formed was cemented during convalescence. Years after, a Northern university first conferred upon the Confederate commander and afterwards upon 'The Fighting Quaker,' General Curtis, an honorary doctor's degree. Colonel Lamb was made, too, an honorary member of one of the Union posts. On January 15 of this year, 1907, the forty-second anniversary of the battle, a reunion was held at Wilmington, N. C., called by the Confederate survivors of the battle, supported by the citizens of Wilmington and the Governor of the State. Generous and fraternal greetings were exchanged. The next day the fort was visited, and the exchange of courtesies and remi-

niscences lasted until 10:00 o'clock at night. The following day a meeting was held in the courthouse, and an association was formed of the Fort Fisher survivors. Membership is confined to those who engaged in the battle on either side. About one hundred men from the North participated in this reunion, and from beginning to end there was not a word or act or indication of anything that was not cordial, sympathetic and harmonious."—*Adapted from "The Outlook," February, 1907.*

PEACE WITH THE SWORD.

War and peace are usually held to be contradictory terms. Quietude and peace are often quite as contradictory. Peace sometimes carries an olive branch; often, however, in this world she needs must bear in her hand a sword.



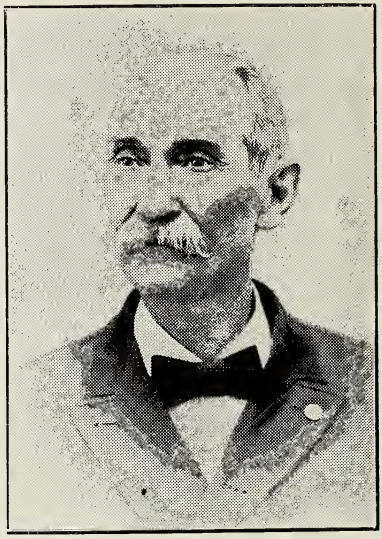
A. R. SABIN.

Principal of the Medill High School, Chicago, Illinois. Captain of Company "B" 9th Vermont Volunteers.

Timidity was never, since the world began, the real friend of peace. Angry courage, on the other hand, has again and again saved peace from extinction. If a man love peace, let him not lose his capacity for wrath or his readiness to fight.

Life abounds in illustration of these two kinds of peace. Before the Civil War, in one sense of the word there was peace—there was no war, soldiers were not in evidence, the country was free from military disturbance; and there were men who desired to maintain that peace. Political leaders were willing to make compromises in order that the

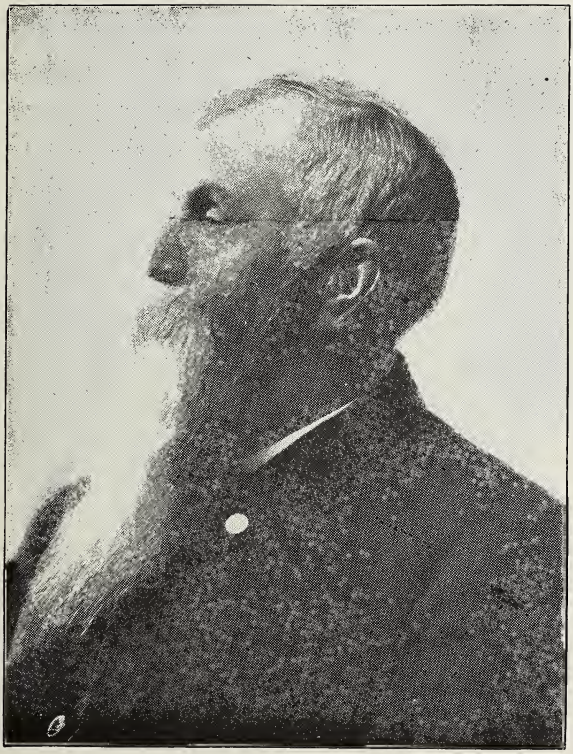
Nation might preserve its freedom from agitation. But in the sense in which Christ used the word, there was no real peace, for the Nation was not clearly and consciously pursuing a course toward the right. Then the conscience of the Nation awoke and said, "This is not a time for peace, but a sword." Then men ceased to compromise, and stood clearly, whether North or South, for their convictions; and at last, after decades of fictitious peace, was truer peace than there had been in the Nation for years. It is better to have the peace of Lincoln and Grant and Lee than the cowardly peace of the world.



S. B. HOOD.

Ex-Superintendent of City Schools, Sparta, Illinois. Captain Company "I" 22nd Illinois Volunteers.

It is well for a nation when it heeds the voices that bid it be wise. It is ill for the nation when it heeds the voices that bid it merely be tranquil. Sometimes there are voices that merely deplore conflict, that tell of the greatness of the burdens to be borne, of the hardships to be received, and of the death to be faced; they shout at us all the items of expense, and then they bid us compromise, parley, and withdraw for the sake of so-called peace. It is ill for the nation that heeds those voices, for the voices that tempt to cowardice are never the voices that speak of real peace.—*Adapted from "The Outlook," October, 1904.*



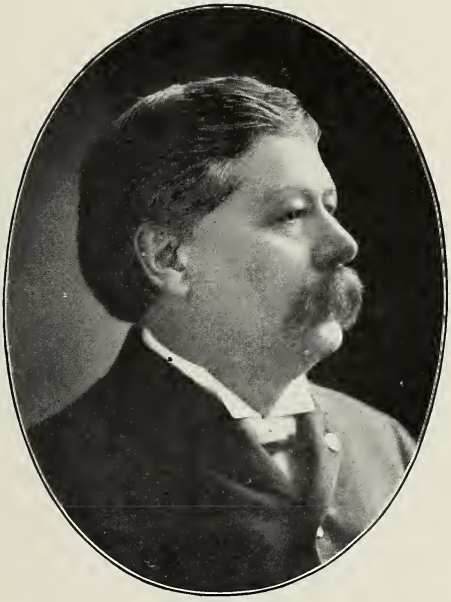
ROYAL T. MORGAN.

County Superintendent of Schools of DuPage County. Corporal Co. "H" 17th Illinois Cavalry.

DISARMAMENT.

"Put up thy sword!" the voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!
Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said, "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so rang the song,
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*



ALFRED BAYLISS.

Principal of the Western Illinois State Normal School, Macomb, Illinois. Corporal in Company "H" 11th Michigan Cavalry.

THE FLAG.

Your flag and my flag—
  And how it flies today!
In your land and my land,
  And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red,
  The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
  The good forefathers' dream;
Sky blue and true blue, with stars to shine aright—
The glorified guidon of the day, a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
  And, oh, how much it holds!
Your land and my land
  Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
  Beat quicker at the sight—
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
  Red and blue and white;
The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your flag and my flag—
  To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat,
  And fifers shrilly pipe.
Your flag and my flag—
  A blessing in the sky!
Your hope and my hope—
  It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land, and half the world around,
Old Glory hears the great salute and flutters to the sound!

—W. D. Nesbit.

W. H. NEVENS.

County Superintendent of Schools of Will County. Corporal in Company "D" 32nd Maine Volunteers.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

(Tune "America.")

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim.
One God, whose glorious name,
We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
Let fame record.
Now vengeful passion, cease;
Come victories of peace;
Nor hate, nor pride's caprice,
Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea, and wide,
Twixt realm and realm, its tide
Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green
With bonds of peace serene
And friendship spanned.

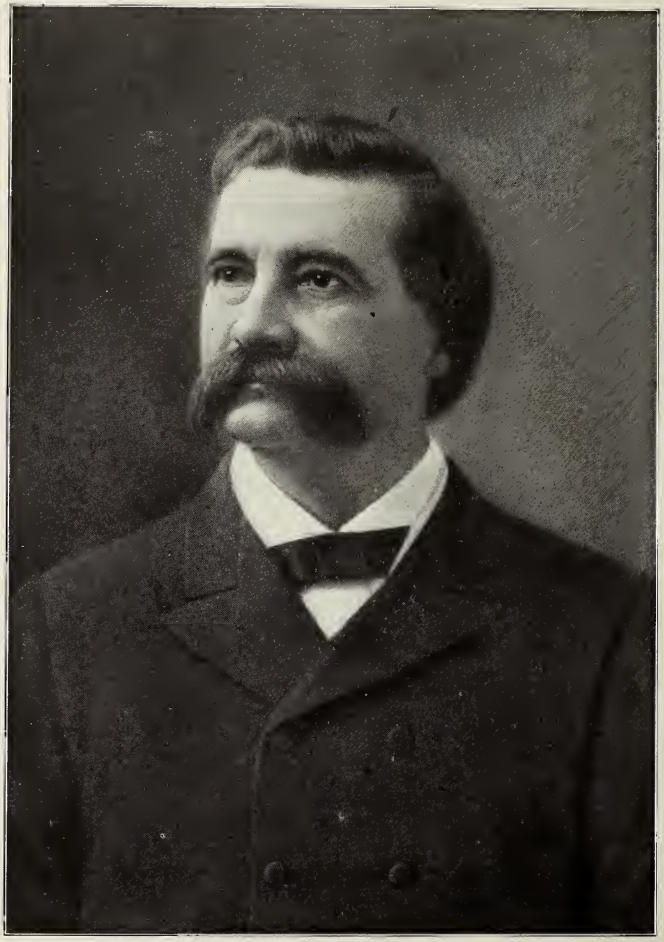
Now may the God above
Guard the dear land we love,
Both East and West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow
Blessing and blest.

—*George Huntington.*

Mr. Andrew Carnegie thinks so highly of this hymn that he suggests that it be as universally used as "America."

FRANK H. HALL.

Superintendent of Illinois Farmers' Institute and leader along lines of Practical Education. Died January 3, 1911. Enlisted in 23rd Regiment, Maine Volunteers.



JOHN A. LOGAN.
Volunteer Soldier.

In order to add meaning to the day it is suggested that each pupil in the public schools wear a piece of evergreen or some flower selected by the school on Memorial Day.